

# For LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

## "I'M ALMOST AS BIG AS YOU."

(Photo by Harry Ewing.)



### THE BIRD MOTHER.

BY MAY DUEVELL.

Of all proud mothers, there was none more proud than Mrs. Sparrow. She had twins, and, confidentially, I never saw two uglier babies. Their tiny faces seemed all mouths—which they opened and shut as you do a sirup pitcher—and I must confess that I think birds have exceedingly had taste in dressing very young children. But Mrs. Sparrow declared them perfect darlings. She told me that her sister, who had rented a neighboring apple bough, had a nursery full of youngsters, and not one could hold a feather to their cousins, her own sweet Arabella and Clementina.

"It's because they're the image of their dear papa," she twittered.

At which remark Mr. Sparrow proudly drew himself up, thrust a claw in his vest pocket and complacently chirped.

Mrs. Sparrow was a plain little body, but that summer she was radiantly lovely, for her eyes had the shining light that mothers wear. I often watched her tender

and Clementina were crying lustily, but the little mother, after a careful examination, was convinced that they were uninjured, and with a chirp of thanksgiving she cuddled them close.

But it was the end of her peace and happiness. Her treasures had been discovered, and her anxious heart told her that the boy monster would return. Her condition was pitiful. At the least sound she quivered in every feather—the buzz of a fly, the hum of a mosquito tortured her. As soon as Mr. Sparrow came home she poured out her woes in a hysterical twitter. He did everything in his power to soothe her—he even laughed at her fears—but she would not be comforted. She passed a sleepless night, and the next morning was so feverish that Mr. Sparrow insisted upon going for the doctor.

He hardly out of hearing when a hideous noise fell upon the bird mother's listening ears.

"Say, Bob, I found a nest in the honeysuckle yesterday. It's got two little birds in it, so we can each have one to play with. I always thought it would be jolly to tie a string to a bird's leg and make it hop after you."

Poor little bird mother; her worst fears were realized! Such treatment would be death to her delicate darlings, and she

the prison smothered her. She wildly beat against the bars.

A new horror was driving her frantic. She had left home in the morning, and if she remained away Arabella and Clementina could not live. She pictured Mr. Sparrow's distress and helplessness, and his vain endeavors to find her. She seemed to hear her darling babies crying for her—to see them gradually dying before her eyes. Again she fiercely beat against the bars.

"Poor little sparrow!" It was a human voice that spoke, but so sweet and gentle it seemed that of a bird.

A little girl in trailing white nightgown stood beside the cage holding up the lighted candle in her hand.

"Don't worry any more," she whispered. "The bad boys are asleep, and I'm going to let you go home to your babies. I saw your nest before the cunning eggs woke up into birds, but I played it was a secret, and never told."

She put down the candle and two little feet cautiously climbed upon a chair. With a tremendous effort she unlocked the cage, then, holding it close, scrambled to the floor again and, with her precious burden, toddled to the open window.

"The horrid boys," she confided, "are a-going back to the city on the first train in the morning, so they won't have time to catch you."

And as she swung back the cage door the bird mother darted from the room, out of the window, down a path of moonbeams that led to the Honeysuckle Cottage.

### CHICKAREE TACTICS.

It is not often that one witnesses the doings of the woodland wild folk when they think themselves unobserved by mankind; but one day last September I had the good fortune to see the following curious performance of a squirrel, myself unseen.

It was a bit of New Jersey woods, and the air was filled with the rollicking chatter of the little fellows as they flung the chestnut burrs to the ground to ripen. Suddenly they were silent, except for the excited barking of one; something had frightened them.

Cautiously I approached the spot, and, screened by some bushes, beheld a band of chickarees leaping from the spreading branches of a mighty chestnut into the surrounding trees, while one remained behind, running up and down the trunk and barking with all his might at something he saw at its foot.

Then I discovered a big black snake coiled under a tuft of ferns, with nothing of him visible but the tip of his tail, which gently waved to and fro.

He was playing on a well-known weakness of the squirrel kind, and with flat head turned kept one lidless eye riveted on his prey through the leaves to note the effect of his maneuvers.

Poor little Chick! He was simply bursting with curiosity. He could not tear himself away till he had found out what that strange moving thing down there really was. And still he felt uneasy; his companions were gone; he was alone with the mystery.

Down he ran again, a little lower than before, but still well out of reach; he stood at gaze a few minutes, then hurried back to his limb, deriving the idea that would not show itself and be done with it.

The snake "lay low," softly moving his tail.

Another scamper down the trunk, lower yet; every nerve quivering, eyes gleaming, plummy tail flitting in the air at every imperious bark.

Black Snake's head stole slowly into sight; his eyes, no longer dull, show fire; from his widespread jaws his tongue darted forth like a flicker of flame.

Chick's soft eye encountered that stare; his jaunty bark changed to a faint squeaking. He turned to fly, but slowly, reluctantly crept downward, a step at a time.

He abhorred his fate, but could not escape it. The snake reared his head to strike; another inch for poor Chick, and he was gone!

I was just about to break the spell with a shout, when I saw that my intervention was not needed.

With a shrill burst of chattering a new squirrel leaped on the branch above; Chick awoke from his horrid trance, and as the snake darted at him there was a sound like the explosion of an enraged cat, together with an optical illusion of a tiny red squirrel swelled to enormous proportions, flying on the foe with teeth and claws.

The snake started back; he received an electric shock, and indeed the performance was startling enough to make me jump.

Then Chick joined his faithful mate, mother or crony, whichever it was, and the pair swung safely aloft jibbing at the baffled murderer as he sullenly slunk away.

### THE YOUNG DEFENDER.

Philip was a brave boy. All the other boys looked up to him and liked to have him in their parties when they went swimming or tramping. But they all agreed that he was queer about "birds and things."

The others liked to collect birds' eggs, and did not hesitate to take all they could find, leaving many little birds home perfectly empty. Philip never disturbed so much as one egg. All spring he watched a beautiful yellow-plumbed woodpecker drilling a hole in a hollow tree and building his nest there. The hole was quite high, but one of the boys determined to get the eggs. He knew, however, that he would have to do it when Philip was away.

"The eggs belong to me as much as they do to him," the boy had said to himself. He had said this when he thought Philip was off on a tramp he took a small saw and went to the tree. He had reached a convenient place when he thought Philip was off on a tramp he took a small saw and went to the tree. He had reached a convenient place when he thought Philip was off on a tramp he took a small saw and went to the tree.

Three weeks afterward, when Philip happened to meet him one day he called out good-naturedly: "Hello, Bob! I have been wanting to tell you there is a saw up at our house belonging to you. Come over some time and get it. By the way, all those little woodpeckers can fly for themselves, and they are cunning little birds as any one ever saw."

## WHY THE MEADOW VIOLETS GREW TALL.

BY BERTHA L. COLEBURN.

It was the month of May, and all the members of the Flora family looked their prettiest. The willows waved their pale yellow. The willows waved their pale robes and the great oak was clothing herself in scarlet and pink velvet. Green was the favorite color; the alders were putting on green, the grass was green, and the sweet-flags were green tinted with yellow. All the little plants, too, were clothed in green, but they were decorating themselves with beautiful buttons, stars, or fringes, of gay blossoms.

Growing beside the little brook that flowed into the pond, and dotted all over the meadow, were colonies of violets. Their smooth long-stemmed leaves waved among the grasses like little long-handled umbrellas, and their pretty long-stemmed blossoms looked as if they had stretched up to see the world and then from bashfulness hung their heads.

One of these violets was swaying with impatience. "O, sisters," she cried, "I'm a bumble-bee has just paid me a visit, and what do you think she has told me? She says we have cousins living on the hillside who are dwarfs and instead of carrying smooth silk umbrellas, they are carrying rough and furry. Now why should they be dwarfs?"

Her sisters shook their pretty heads. None of them knew and they could not imagine any reason why all violets should not be tall and slender. They determined to ask some one else; so they inquired of the grasses which grew beside them.

Now these grasses were stupid fellows, but they did not like to show their ignorance; so, without speaking, they waved their sharp swords as if they would snap off the heads of their modest neighbors. The violets drooped and whispered softly among themselves. There was no one else when they could ask except the skunk-cabbage, and he was such a disagreeable fellow that they feared to speak to him. There seemed to be nothing to do but ask another bee, and they waited patiently for one to come along.

When one did appear she was in a great hurry and made only the briefest call. It was the same with the next one, and the next but their patience was rewarded in an unexpected manner. Just as Gold-band Bombus was stopping their nectar it began to rain, and she was glad to crawl under one of their umbrellas to wait for the shower to pass over. She was such a traveler that she always had interesting stories to tell, and she was quite ready to talk about their dwarf cousins.

When they were alone they were puzzled for a moment; then she laughed and said: "They did not need to grow any more. The violets looked so tiny and she hastened to add, 'I can find them without.' The violets were more puzzled than ever. They were too polite to ask her to find them, but they secretly wondered how it could benefit them to have her come and take their sweet nectar."

Gold-band suspected that they did not understand, for she continued: "You probably do not know that the yellow pollen on your petals and anthers must fall on the stigma and penetrate to the ovaries before seeds can be formed in them. I should never have told you what his master, the professor, said."

"Well, it seems that in order to grow fine strong seeds the pollen must be such a must on the pistil of some other violet. Every time I visit one of you some grains of pollen lodge in my long hair, and are brushed away from my anthers. If I visit a violet I visit. So you see that without me you would not grow strong seeds, and if I should never visit you down here in this tall grass, the sun is coming out now, so I must bid you good afternoon."

As Gold-band flew away the violets murmured to one another. "We are tall, for we would rather live here in the meadow than on the hillside; but I wish we had asked her to stay a few minutes to catch the nectar. Our cousins do not carry silk umbrellas like ours."

THE DEN OF WILD BEASTS.

I have been sitting by my window watching the boys and girls play. They seem to have good times that I often wish I might join them, even though I am grown up. The game they appear to enjoy most, for they play it most, is "The Den of the Wild Beasts."

Each player represents some ferocious wild animal, such as panther, wolf, lion or bear. Each chooses a tree or post or stone for his particular den. As a signal for the game to commence all make a terrible noise, imitating the animals they pretend to be.

The most venturesome then leaves his den and advances toward the middle of the playground, where he dances around, trying to entice the other animals from their lairs. Suppose the wolf comes out first. Perhaps a boy named Tony immediately follows. Then the wolf calls out, "I'm after the lion!" The wolf starts in pursuit, and the lion tries to get home to his den before being caught. If the wolf catches him he takes him back to his own lair, and there the lion has to stay throughout the rest of the game, unless the wolf himself is caught.

No two are allowed to chase the same animal at the same time, and the chase belongs to the one who has the lion after him. No animal can be taken while he is bringing a captive home.

It often happens that all the animals are in the den at the same time, each in pursuit of his prey. Then it is most exciting. Whenever the captor of an animal is himself captured the prisoner is free to leave the den and go back to his own lair. The game ends only when all the animals are caught and imprisoned in one den.

TO ATTRACT HORNETS AND BEES.

Last summer Ned went to the country to visit his cousin Will, and one day the two boys walked out into the woods. They were sitting on a log, poking around with a stick, when suddenly a crowd of yellow jackets swarmed out from a hole intent upon punishing the disturbers of their peace. Ned took to his heels and ran, waving his hat in all directions, while Will stood perfectly still. The bees pursued poor Ned and stung him repeatedly, and paid absolutely no attention to Will.

This will invariably happen. If you keep perfectly quiet bees will surely follow you, but if you run they will surely follow.

FIVE-MINUTE PEANUT CANDY.

Shell the peanuts and chop them fine; measure them in a cup, and take the same quantity of granulated sugar as you have peanuts. Put in a pan on the fire and shake until the sugar is dissolved, then put in the peanuts and pour into buttered tins. You will find that this is delicious candy and is so easily made.

PLANTING SONG.

Dig, dig, shovel and hoe, Carefully over the ground we go, Pulling out weeds and throwing out stones; This is no place for a "lady bones."

Dig, deep in the warm brown soil, Checks red-roxy with pleasure of toil, Plants from the greenhouse, seedlings of galore; Your garden is richer than ever before.

Richer in flowers, richer in care, Richer in sunshine, richer in air; Richer in fragrance, in health, Children and lovers, a garden of wealth!

## MAY DEW.

Written for The Star by Marietta M. Andrews.



If you wash in the dew  
Of a morning in May  
You'll become very beautiful—  
Old mammies say.  
So Judith and I,  
While the others still sleep,  
Get up with the cook—  
To the wet fields we creep.  
And we smear our small faces  
From forehead to chin

With dew from the daisies,  
To soften the skin.  
Later, sitting at breakfast,  
All say, in surprise,  
"How rosy your cheeks are!  
How bright are your eyes!"  
Thus Judith and I,  
Having proven it true,  
This secret of beauty,  
Confide it to you!

### A HERO.

BY MAX C. RINGWALT.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

"I double-dare you, Don!"  
"Honest, Nan?"  
"Honest," she stole a glance over her shoulder, secretly hoping to discover some one's approach, but her eyes met only the gaze of a small donkey, munching the tough leaves of mountain laurel.

Donald quickly stepped past her. With throbbing heart she looked at their rock, perch. Glacier Point had been reached by one of the most laborious trails in the Yosemite, and it rose to so dizzy a height that Nan seemed to be swung in space, while their camp in the valley beneath had dwindled to the size of a white band on a nest. Even the object of awful fascination was the place where Don stood—a smooth block of rock which had run out to the end of the point, then passed a few centuries to catch its breath before leaping into the abyss below.

"Make ready," calmly said Don, taking on his oldbrother's robe the trail took so sudden a leap that Calamity, carefully feeling his way down the incline, seemed to stand on his head. A giggle proclaimed Nan's comprehension, but Calamity, having reached a "landing" in the trail, halted, looked back at them with reproachful solemnity as if they had been laughing at

and, tightening girls. Although the majority of the party trooping to the mounts were ladies, there was not one side-saddle, for not only is it safer for women to ride astride in the trails, but easier for the rest of the way with Cousins Nan and Jennie.

"What has become of the light infantry?" asked Aunt Sue, stopping Calamity. "They're round the last turn," said Don. "We'll rest till they come."

"Let Jose help you to dismount, then." She waited until the guide helped them from their burros. "Good-bye, Don't loiter on the trail, for supper will be ready early," she called back, as Calamity started off, the riderless burros trailing after her. It was great fun to hop, skip and jump at first, but soon Nan and Don grew impatient.

"I was sure that I saw Cousin Nan's red jacket as our trail doubled on itself," said Don. "Perhaps they've stopped to rest," suggested Nan. "Let's halloo."

They raised a merry shout, but only an echo answered. (To be concluded next week.)



NEW PUZZLES.

CONCEALED WORD SQUARE.  
1. Are you no nearer the end of the story? 2. Will you go beyond the limits? 3. I wonder if he is in earnest. 4. He reads very well for such young children.

BEHINDINGS.  
Behold: 1. Peril and leave wrath. 2. To long and leave to gain. 3. A small animal and leave a frame.

PIED PROVERB.  
Woe dear old ere ice of these art.

RYTHMING ENIGMA.  
My first is in buy, but not in sell; My second is in sick, but not in well; My third is in raw, but not in done; My fourth is in tea, but not in bun; My fifth is in bay, but not in straw; My sixth is in door, but not in floor; My seventh is in say, but not in think; My eighth is in in yellow, but not in pink; My whole it comes but once a year, And is always welcomed with good cheer.

DIAMOND.  
1. A consonant in "race." 2. An article. 3. To encourage. 4. A genus of creeping fish. 5. A consonant in "race."

CHARADE.  
My first is formal, my second is a flower and my whole is a flower.

PUZZLE ANSWERS.

CONCEALED METALS.  
1. Iron. 2. Lead. 3. Tin. 4. Gold. 5. Silver.

WORD SQUARE.  
I N T O  
S E L F  
T O W N

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
Shamrock. POSTMAN'S BAG.  
1. Sparrow-arrow. 2. Pear-par. 3. Harp-hap. 4. Mouth-moth.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
Very Pleasant Day.

CHARADE.  
Millionaire. (Mill-lee-on-air.)

WILLIE'S DREAM.  
Elephant, zebra and bear.

patience with a wondering admiration, for she was young and inexperienced, and, before her marriage, had been constantly on the wing, but now she devoted every minute to the exacting care of her babies, without a murmur.

"It's the happiest time of my life, my dear," she cheerfully insisted, when I offered my sympathy. "The windows of Honeysuckle Cottage are always open, you know, and I love to sit hour after hour in the nursery, with the fragrant air all around me, and dream about Arabella and Clementina's future. It's so sweet for a bird mother to feel her nestlings warm and safe beneath her wings, but the days that I dread are those when the twins will be old enough to take flying lessons. I shall be so nervous for fear of a serious fall. And then the world has so many temptations and dangers for young birds! It's always impossible to impress upon their trusting minds the cunning of cats and the cruelty of boys. But we won't borrow trouble," she bravely confessed.

Poor little Mrs. Sparrow, she did not guess how soon a dark cloud would hover over the Honeysuckle Cottage.

It was the very next morning that her sorrow began. Mr. Sparrow had gone to his business and Mrs. Sparrow had run round the corner to order some worms at the butcher's.

As she approached Honeysuckle Cottage on her return, what was her horror to discover a monster, in the form of a boy, peering in at her nursery window. Her heart seemed to stop beating and she almost swooned.

"Archie! Archie!" called a loud voice, and the boy monster ran away.

Mrs. Sparrow's wings shook so she could hardly flutter up the honeysuckle stairs. At last she reached the nursery. Arabella

was powerless to protect them. Was she powerless? An inspiration flashed through her brain. There was not one moment to lose! Not even time to hug Arabella and Clementina to her breast.

She sprang out of the nursery window, down on the lawn in front of the Honeysuckle Cottage. A few feet away stood the boy monster and his friend. The very sight of a boy had always ruffled her feathers with fright, but she never hesitated. With quick hops she approached them. Would they pass her by? Summoning all her courage, she loudly chirped.

"Hello," said Bob, "guess that's the mother bitch, why, how tame she is. I bet I could catch her."

"Bet you couldn't!" contemptuously retorted Archie. "Come on, let's get the nest."

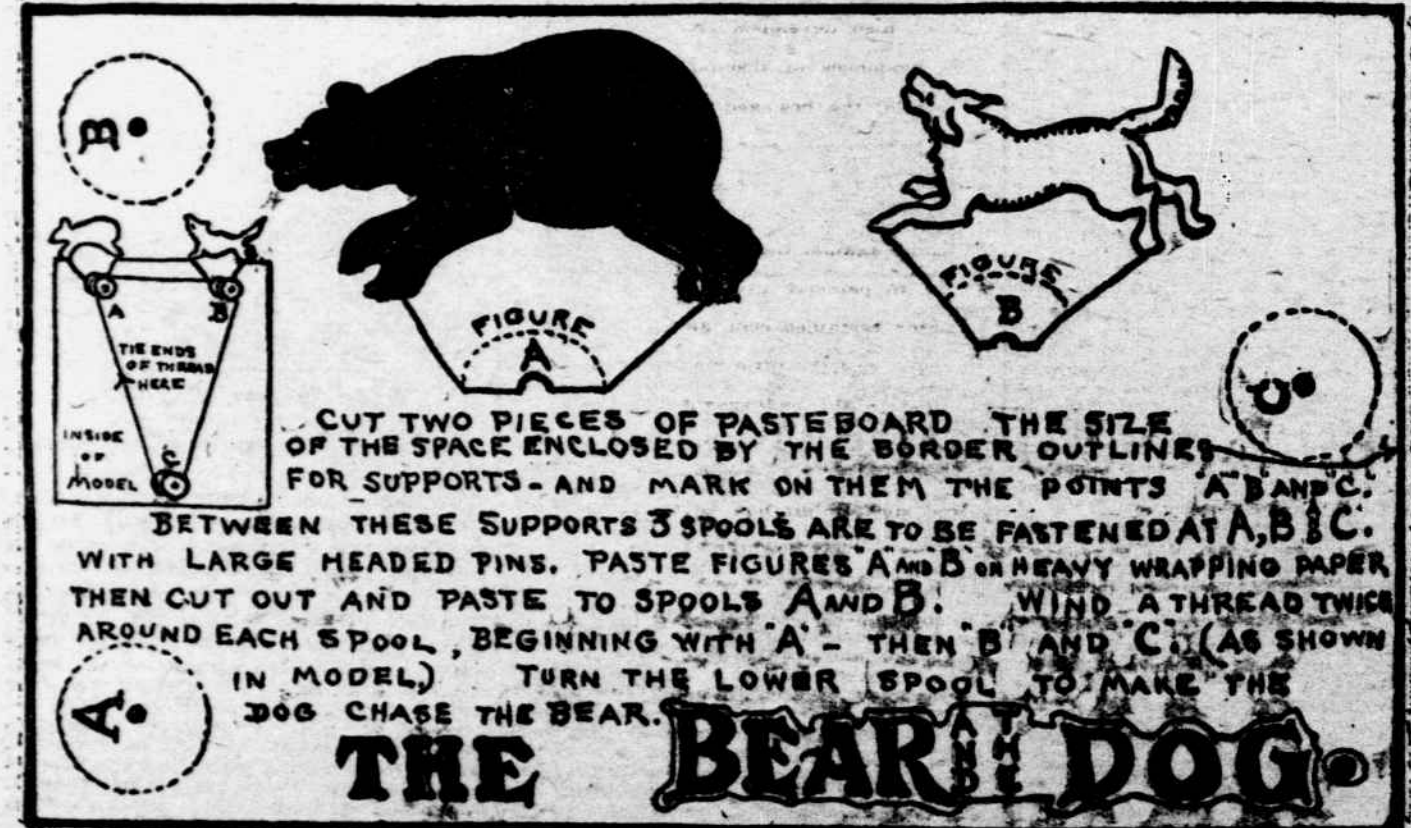
"Chirp! Chirp!" cried the bird mother, and fluttered right on Bob's shoulder.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Archie. "I tell you what, we could make a grown-up bird hop faster than a baby one. Let's tie the string to the old lady herself." And he roughly clutched Mrs. Sparrow in his hands.

The hours that followed were filled with agony. Archie and Bob, delighted with their new plaything, devised all sorts of tricks which they tried to teach the "pet" sparrow, without any consideration for the poor bird; but terror-stricken and exhausted as she soon became the worst suffering was the constant fear that they would abandon her and steal her nestlings.

Night came at last, and more dead than alive, she was finally shut in the old canopy cage and left alone.

The boys, thoughtless rather than heartless, had provided her with food and water, but she could not eat. The stifling air of



CUT TWO PIECES OF PASTEBOARD THE SIZE OF THE SPACE ENCLOSED BY THE BORDER OUTLINES FOR SUPPORTS—AND MARK ON THEM THE POINTS A AND B. BETWEEN THESE SUPPORTS 3 SPOOLS ARE TO BE FASTENED AT A, B, C. WITH LARGE HEADED PINS. PASTE FIGURES A AND B ON HEAVY WRAPPING PAPER. THEN CUT OUT AND PASTE TO SPOOLS A AND B. WIND A THREAD THREE TIMES AROUND EACH SPOOL, BEGINNING WITH A, THEN B AND C, AS SHOWN IN MODEL. TURN THE LOWER SPOOL TO MAKE THE DOG CHASE THE BEAR.

### WILLIE'S DREAM.

WHEN WILLIE SEES THIS QUEER BEAST THREE ANIMALS AND ONE BIRD DOES HE RECOGNIZE?